

### The Evening World.

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### A DEPARTMENT OF INJUSTICE.

**T**HERE should be prompt and searching inquiry to locate responsibility for the gross invasion of the rights of the people of New York during the last three days in the wholesale arrest of citizens on suspicion of slacking in their duty under the draft law.

The Evening World has steadily resented the incessant aspersions cast upon our community by perfidious females and members of Amateur Patriots' Associations that it was a draft-dodging, unpatriotic town.

The contrary is found to be true.

Division Superintendent De Woody himself admits that of the thousands corralled in this week's lawless roundup, less than one-half of one per cent. have turned out to be real slackers.

This is a pretty good bill of loyalty for a city concerning which so many hard things have been said by observers too ready to assume that every young man out of uniform is a slacker until he is proved otherwise.

As a matter of fact the burden of proof ought to lie the other way round. This is a big city in a big country which is only beginning to work toward a full mobilization of its man power.

The sight of so many apparently able-bodied young men still out of uniform ought to be reassuring rather than otherwise when it is remembered that there are already a million and a half in service overseas, as many more under arms waiting to be sent and a Selective Draft steadily at work to keep more millions moving, as fast as the Nation can handle them, toward the front.

Overzealous and impatient critics do not stop to think that thousands are not in uniform only because uniforms are not ready for them, not because they are unready for uniforms.

It should be viewed as one of the most satisfactory proofs of our strength that we have been able to make such gigantic contributions of men without impairing the outward show of reserves.

Obviously the raid involving the high-handed arrest and imprisonment of freeborn Americans in the City of New York was under the auspices of the Department of Justice. If this be true, the Department of Justice has become something quite the reverse.

### AMERICAN SHIPYARDS BEAT U BOATS.

**A**LONG with continuing Allied successes in France comes the significant announcement that submarine raids in American waters during the last three months resulted in losses of less than one per cent. to American shipping.

This despite the fact that attacks upon fishing boats and barges bear out the report of the skipper of an American fishing schooner sunk by a U boat, who says the U boat commander told him wireless instructions from Germany were now to "sink everything in sight."

Of seventy vessels destroyed by submarines in American waters only some twenty were of ocean-going type, their dead weight tonnage amounting to not much over 60,000 tons.

As to American ships, we have the word of Chairman Hurley of the United States Shipping Board that out of 277 seagoing vessels completed in American shipyards during the last year, representing a total of 1,710,121 dead weight tons, only four, with an aggregate dead weight tonnage of 30,131, were sunk by enemy submarines.

The shipyards of the United States raised their output for August to 340,000 dead weight tons—114,000 tons better than the July figures and 60,000 tons above the best previous month's record, which was made last June.

"In one year," Chairman Hurley points out, "America has become the greatest shipbuilding country in the world. Our shipyards already are building ships enough to warrant the statement that the American Army in France will be supplied with all the ocean transportation it requires."

If it be conceivable that any part of the German people is still under the impression that German U boats are interfering with the carrying of American troops and supplies across the Atlantic or that Germany's submarine warfare is anything but a blunted, broken weapon, the above facts and figures should be conveyed into the Fatherland by air route.

With the colossal and multiplying burdens of four years' war already trying to the utmost their endurance, it should be difficult to persuade Germans to pay for costly U boat campaigns against fishing boats and stone barges.

### Hits From Sharp Wits

**German Soldiers' Pay Raised.**—Newspaper headline. The Kaiser can trust our boys to see that they earn it.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

**Holding a grudge cramps the heart.**—Albany Journal.

### Letters From the People

**Says He's No Slacker.**—To the Editor of The Evening World: Mr. Green's criticism about the number of draft age men in this city not in service is unequalled for evidence of a lack of perspective. In individual cases he may be correct, but why blanket all with the odious name of slacker? Lack of uniforms does not imply lack of patriotism. Many of these men have conducted and contributed to numerous money-getting drives, many of them are keeping the factory fires burning, some of them are more essential in munition than khaki, still others have been rejected for service on account of some physical imperfection, while others are classified under the dependency clause for economic reasons. Mr. Green objects because un-informed men still smile. Let him be assured that they will continue to smile—that an undertaker's countenance will smile when they die for funds to make the war possible—until they can no longer die, and will smile all right in victorious, even though

## The End of a Perfect Vacation

By Maurice Ketten

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## New York Girl Types You Know

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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### No. XVIII. The Professional College Girl

As a sort of girls go to all sorts of colleges, graduate, enter into some field of usefulness,

soon forgetting other persons to forget that they ever went to college. It is none of these girls I have in mind—No, you may meet my heroine uptown at a luncheon or downtown in an office. But wherever she is, some ingenious soul is sure to whisper to you, Miss Well-to-do Smith is a high brow graduate of Vassar, you know.

"How long ago?" you ask.

"Nineteen ten" may be the answer.

"What has she been doing since then?" you inquire curiously.

Your informant looks puzzled.

"Has she written anything—done anything—distinguished herself in any way? art, the stage, business, philanthropy?" you continue wistfully, though you know the answer.

He this time the ingenious soul is gripped and shocked.

"Why, she's an M. A. Vassar" is the indignant answer.

"But Master of what Arts? That's what I am trying to find out," you say. Getting no satisfaction from this indirect source, you tackle the professional college girl herself.

And you find that if you ask her to translate for you a Greek or Latin quotation not in the back of the dictionary, she stutters, stumbles and finally confesses that she's a bit rusty on the dead languages. So you ask her a few innocent little questions about foreign literature only to have her answer you brightly that "Parsifal" is French for "The Last Supper."

Then you sound her on art and are a bit astonished to discover that she thinks Mendling and El Greco are foreign automobiles. English literature is her special field, she says, and enough she does know that Chaucer wrote "The Canterbury Tales" that Shelley described his first wife and that John Keats died as the result of a savage criticism in the Quarterly Review.

Why should she be expected to know more? Don't we all forget what we learned in school or college? Certainly we do. But then, we don't pose as highbrows whose friends mention them with suspended breath, and

we are not making a career of being a college graduate.

College men know and shun the professional college man. College women perhaps feel a similar distaste for the professional graduate who does not regard the education she received as a preparation for achievement, but as an achievement in itself.

The only difficulty about that view is that if graduating from college is the end of life, life ought to end there. To say of a girl of twenty-four, "She's a graduate of Vassar," or Smith or Radcliffe, is to say a fine thing, but if you have to keep on saying it till she's sixty-four it wears rather thin. The popular attitude toward a college education for women is part of the old idea expressed by Dr. Samuel Johnson when he said, "A woman's preaching is like a dog-barking. You do not expect her to do it well. You are astonished that she can do it at all." Out of this attitude has grown the professional college woman's own rather naive satisfaction with her performance, her status in her degree.

The girls still in college have not this ingenious point of view. They know that they must prove themselves. In fact, by their splendid participation in war work, their extraordinary success as farmerettes, they have proved themselves. But the professional college girl is not among them.

Of all the things a girl learns at college the love of an active outdoor life is probably of the most lasting benefit to her. I appreciate this the more as I lack so utterly the love of motion that I have sometimes regretted that I learned to walk. Consequently, at other odd moments, I yearn to be athletic and hope some day to head a basketball or even a polo team across the Sixty. But the professional college girl is rarely interested in outdoor sport. In fact, the only thing sports about her is her English. For her slang is picturesque and infinitely varied, useless, to be sure, she belongs to the paley pedantic type that considers a sophisticated breach of public morals, yet pronounces institution with a foot.

However, the professional college girl has no monopoly on blunted us. So why nag her on that score? I suppose, just because she makes me feel like nagging by her unsupported pretensions.

You see, I believe that for a few years after Mathew Vassar left his fortune to establish a college for women about sixty years ago, wasn't it?—women college graduates had perhaps some justification or at least excuse for being "chocky."

I remember that when I was a small and highly critical child, my father sought to silence undutiful comment on an elderly female relative by saying, "After all, she is a college graduate." But I was from Missouri even then. Thousands of college women have distinguished themselves and consequently, possessing other claims to public attention, they do not have to be heralded by their friends as graduates of such and such a college. Thousands of young girls from the colleges are making good in every field to which women are admitted. But they are doing it by present day achievements, by good work and by keeping their eyes on the future—not by vain-glorious living in the clouds of a juvenile past.

"I T gives me pleasure to state, now that we are met, my dears," said Mrs. Stryver, "that our 'Liberty Loan Ladies' League' is a great success. I have dozens and dozens of requests by letter and telephone from women who are just eager to become members."

This declaration was made by Mrs. Stryver in her own handsomely furnished drawing room.

"We mustn't let a single one of them belong," said Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith. "By doing that we will keep the association exclusive."

"But who will we sell Liberty Bonds to?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"The women who are crazy to join the league of course," replied Mrs. Stryver, after nodding and smiling to Mrs. Mudridge-Smith to signify she agreed with the latter that the ladies' Liberty Loan League should be kept exclusive. "My husband also

suggests that we could all order coal together. The coal dealers may think we know Mr. McAdoo because we are working for the Liberty Loan, and that will make them give us coal."

This proposition fell on dull ears. All the others present lived in apartment houses and only paid for coal when they paid the rent.

"I couldn't get gas for cooking at wholesale rates or something like that," asked Mrs. Rangle. "I haven't a coal range, and our flat is steam heated in winter, or rather it is supposed to be steam heated, but last winter when there was no coal"

At the recollection of how cold their apartments had been during that first winter scarcity, all present, save Mrs. Stryver, shivered. But even as they shivered they cried "Yes, yes!" to Mrs. Rangle's suggestion.

But Mrs. Stryver, who was chair-lady of the meeting, used a coal range in her kitchen and her house

was lighted with electricity.

"We may be able to scare the coal dealers, but you know how the gas company is," she said.

All present knew how the gas company was. And discussion lulled a bit while tea and cakes were passed around. Then the telephone rang, and Mrs. Stryver returned from it to announce that Miss Florabelle Flint, efficiency expert, was too busy to come to the meeting, as she was installing a card index system in an employment agency.

"Florabelle Flint is a business woman!" cried Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "I'm to get 10 per cent. of any business I bring her."

"No, I'm to get the 10 per cent.," said Mrs. Rangle. "She promised it to me."

"If any one is to get it I'm the one," said Mrs. Jarr. "Miss Flint's flat is next to mine. My maid, Gertrude, has been helping her with her housework. And then, too, Miss Flint has been taking her meals with me since she has started to introduce her card index system in private houses in wartime."

"The typewriter she sold me is a perfect dear, and she sold me a costume to typewrite in. It has the loveliest lace apron with it, and the cutest military cap with gilt braid," gushed Mrs. Mudridge-Smith.

"There's an old lady outside wearing a shawl! Says her name's Cranberry," announced the servant in a loud whisper. "She says she has something to tell all the ladies."

"It must be Mrs. Dusenberry," said Mrs. Jarr.

And so it proved.

"I thought I'd just run around to tell you all that the woman named Flint, who has been selling you things, is going to Chicago," said old Mrs. Dusenberry. "I saw the moving vans taking out the furniture, and I went up the street to see what was going on, and she told me she had sold the furniture at a good price to a newly married couple moving in down the street."

"And she sent her regards, as she was giving up business here and was going to Europe to introduce card index systems to keep track of war visitors, and she said if any of you asked me what about commissions she had promised to say to you that she said she had forgotten about it, and advised you all to forget it too!"

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approve her on her success in acting the part of a grown-up woman.

"Well, I should say you can act like a little woman—you haven't even whimpered, and we're not going to either, are we? No, indeed." Similar make it a point to show her the best possible. Make this the happiest day of her life. Keep lodging the suggestion that you both are happier than ever before.

If at any time she should start to cry, approach her with a very optimistic and cheerful attitude. With a handkerchief in your hand, say: "Now just wait a minute. We'll fix this up in a hurry. We don't need to cry any more at all. We'll just fix it all up right away. We'll wipe this little tear off and that little tear off over there—like that—and then it will be all over."

Repeat the suggestion that it is "all over" until you see some effect. Then divert her mind to something from herself.

Spend a few minutes talking with the child about her progress for several evenings at bedtime. Let her begin each new day with a clean slate. If she has cried during the day, say, "We had trouble once today, but we'll do better to-morrow, won't we?" The first day she passes without crying speak of it as a great victory. Tell others in her presence that she has passed out of the crying stage. Your saying so will help her to final victory.

Then leave her to dream about the idea which you have lodged.

The next morning, almost before she even has time to cry, begin to

Just after you take the child to bed and both of you are in a very happy spirit, before bidding her good-night, say:

"Oh, yes, I have something else good to tell you. You are now old enough to begin playing like and acting like a grown-up woman. Beginning with to-morrow morning you are not going to cry any more unless you are badly hurt. Of course, if we are badly hurt, we can't help crying, but unless we are we won't cry. You are now big enough to act like a woman, so mother does not want you to cry any more unless you have something to cry about. And you don't want to cry any more unless you have something to cry about, do you? No, of course not. All right, we'll both remember that, Beginning to-morrow we'll both try to be happy all the time and not cry or feel badly at all."

A short cry now and then doesn't hurt a child and should cause the parents no anxiety. But the crying habit should be broken by all means.

Our four-year-old daughter cries at the least provocation and doesn't know when to quit," writes one mother. "Can you give me a plan to break her of this habit?"

If you want to cure your child of crying, avoid what seems generally to provoke the crying, at least for a few days while you are trying to break the habit. Better also speak to your family physician about diet.

Can You Make a Child Stop Crying?

By Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A., President of the Parents' Association

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## What Every Woman Dreams

By Helen Rowland

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**E**VERY woman has her "Dream"—

Her particular vision of 'Perfect Happiness'!

Once upon a time it may have been a vague and shadowy vision of ideal love, or glittering success, or wealth, or luxury, or a home—

A life-garden of roses and sunshine, with a Prince Charming always posed somewhere in the foreground, But NOW—

Now, every woman's Dream of Happiness is concrete and definite!

YOU know what every mother sees above her clicking knitting-needles—

The smiling, victorious, glorified face of HIM, as it shall look in that supreme, supernal moment when she shall clasp him—HER Boy—in her aching arms again!

YOU know what every wife sees, as she gazes down into the flower-face and baby eyes that smile up at her as she goes about her housework—

The vision of the perfect day when HE shall come back, covered with medals and glory, and they shall hear his step on the garden path and his cheery whistle at the gate!

YOU know what every sweetheart sees as she gazes down the long white road for the postman—

The pictured vision of herself in trailing white beneath a marguerite wedding-bell, with HIM, wind-browned and khaki-clad beside her!

And there are other woman-dreams, too—

The dream of the tired woman, who visualizes the day of ease and plenty when once again she shall be able to make both ends meet and to STOP counting the pennies—

The dream of the spoiled and frivolous woman, who looks eagerly toward the time she shall once more be able to make her yearly trips to Paris and spend her winters on the Riviera.

And dream of the great-souled woman, who looks into the future with passionate, prophetic eyes and sees

A DAY OF VICTORY and a World at rest—a world in which love and justice and joy shall reign forever.

Yes—every woman has her DREAM!

And this is an age in which we make our dreams come true!

And now is the vital moment to DO IT!

For the Fourth Liberty Loan is coming!

It is the pivot on which hangs your FATE, and MY fate, and the fate of the world!

Oh, yes, I know! You've bought all the Liberty Bonds you want, and invested in War Savings Stamps and given to the Red Cross, and you've "got to get some Fall clothes," and to move into that new apartment, and to get the children off to school and—and—and—

And, meanwhile, THEY are over there!

THEY are not standing supinely in the trenches, complaining that they've fought all the battles they "want to fight."

And that they won't shoot another German until Uncle Sam sends them some new fall hats, and that they've "done their share"—and all that!

THEY are there—and YOU are here!

And YOU sent them there to fight to make your dreams come true!

And it's been easy for you, so far, what with the hands playing and the shouting, and the singing, and the waving of Old Glory—

But it's not pitching in, but STAYING in, that counts!

It's not catching on, but HANGING on, that wins!

It's not noise, but deeds—not words, but DOLLARS; not songs, but SELF-SACRIFICE that will bring victory—

And the more deeds and dollars, the more surely and quickly will come the VICTORY!

The FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN IS COMING!

And it's up to YOU!

To make your dreams come true—NOW!

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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## Making the Most of Our Children

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A., President of the Parents' Association